THE GUARDIAN.

A

COMEDY

OF

TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, in DRURY-LANE.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

By DAVID GARRICK.

LONDON:
Printed for T. CARNAN and F. NEWBERY, jun.
at Number 65, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.
MDCCLXXIII.

(Price One Shilling.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. HEARTLY, *the Guardian*,	Mr. GARRICK.
Sir CHARLES CLACKIT,	Mr. YATES.
Mr. CLACKIT, his *Nephew*,	Mr. OBRIEN.
SERVANT.	

WOMEN.

Miſs HARRIET, *an Heireſs*,	Miſs PRITCHARD.
LUCY, *the Maid*,	Mrs. CLIVE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Pupille* of Monſieur *Fagan* is mentioned by *Voltaire*, and other *French* Writers, as the moſt complete *Petite-Piece* upon their Stage.—— It now appears in an *Engliſh* Dreſs, with ſuch Alterations from the Original as the Difference of Language and Manners required.——It has more than anſwered the Expectations of the Author, who takes this Opportunity to return Thanks to the Publick for their kind Indulgence, and to the Performers for their great Care.

THE GUARDIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Mr. HEARTLY's Houſe.

Enter Sir CHARLES CLACKIT, *his* NEPHEW, *and* SERVANT.

SERVANT.

PLEASE to walk this Way, Sir.

Sir CHARLES.

Where is your Maſter, Friend?

SERVANT.

In his Dreſſing-Room, Sir.

Y. CLACKIT.

Let him know then——

Sir CHARLES.

Prithee be quiet, *Jack*; when I am in Company let me direct. 'Tis proper and decent.

Y. CLACKIT.

I am dumb, Sir.

Sir CHARLES.

Tell Mr. *Heartly*, his Friend and Neighbour, Sir *Charles Clackit*, would ſay three Words to him.

SERVANT.

I ſhall, Sir—— [*Exit.*

Sir CHARLES.

Now Nephew, conſider once again, before I open the Matter to my Neighbour *Heartly*, what I am going to undertake for you.——Why don't you ſpeak?

Y. CLACKIT.

Is it proper and decent, Uncle?

Sir CHARLES.

Pſhaw! don't be a Fool—but anſwer me.—Don't you flatter yourſelf—What Aſſurance have you that this young Lady, my Friend's Ward, has a Liking to you? The young Fellows of this Age are all Coxcombs, and I am afraid, you are no Exception to the general Rule.

Y. CLACKIT.

Thank you, Uncle—But may I this Inſtant be ſtruck old and peeviſh, if I would put you upon a a falſe

a falſe Scent to expoſe you for all the fine Women in Chriſtendom.——I aſſure you again and again, and you may take my Word, Uncle, that Miſs *Harriet* has no kind of Averſion to your Nephew and moſt humble Servant.

Sir CHARLES.

Ay, ay,——Vanity!——Vanity!——but I never take a young Fellow's Word about Women; they'll lye as faſt, and with as little Conſcience, as the *Bruſſels Gazette*.——Produce your Proofs.

Y. CLACKIT.

Can't your Eyes ſee 'em, Uncle, without urging me to the Indelicacy of repeating 'em?

Sir CHARLES.

Why I ſee nothing but a Fool's Head and a Fool's Coat, ſupported by a pair of moſt unpromiſing Legs.—Have you no better Proofs?

Y. CLACKIT.

Yes, I have, my good Infidel Uncle, half a hundred.

Sir CHARLES.

Out with them then.

Y. CLACKIT.

Firſt then—Whenever I ſee her, ſhe never looks at me.—That's a Sign of Love.—Whenever I ſpeak to her, ſhe never anſwers me.—Another Sign of Love.—And whenever I ſpeak to any Body elſe, ſhe ſeems to be perfectly eaſy.—That's a certain Sign of Love.

Sir CHARLES.

The Devil it is!

Y. CLACKIT.

When I am with her, ſhe's always grave; and the Moment I get up to leave her, then the poor Thing begins—"Why will you leave me, Mr. "*Clackit*; can't you ſacrifice a few Moments to "my Baſhfulneſs?—Stay, you agreeable Run-"away, ſtay, I ſhall ſoon overcome the Fears your "Preſence gives me."——I could ſay more,—— But a Man of Honour, Uncle———

Sir CHARLES.

What, and has ſhe ſaid all theſe Things to you?

Y. CLACKIT.

O yes, and ten times more—with her Eyes.

Sir CHARLES.

With her Eyes!—Eyes are very equivocal, *Jack*. —However, if the young Lady has any Liking to you, Mr. *Heartly* is too much a Man of the World, and too much my Friend, to oppoſe the Match; ſo do you walk into the Garden, and I will open the Matter to him.

Y. CLACKIT.

Is there any Objection to my ſtaying, Uncle? The Buſineſs will be ſoon ended.—You will propoſe the Match, he will give his Conſent, I ſhall give mine, Miſs is ſent for, and *l'affair eſt fait*.

[*Snapping his Finger.*

Sir CHARLES.

And ſo you think that a young beautiful Heireſs, with Forty Thouſand Pounds, is to be had with a Scrap of *French*, and a Snap of your Finger.—— Prithee get away, and don't provoke me.

Y. CLACKIT.

Nay, but my dear Uncle———

Sir CHARLES.

Nay, but my impertinent Nephew, either retire, or I'll throw up the Game.

[*Putting him out.*

Y. CLACKIT.

Well, well, I am gone, Uncle.——When you come to the Point, I ſhall be ready to make my Appearance.—*Bon Voyage!*

[*Exit.*

Sir CHARLES.

The Devil's in theſe young Fellows, I think.— We ſend 'em abroad to cure their Sheepiſhneſs, and they get above Proof the other Way.—

(*Enter Mr.* HEARTLY.)

—Good-Morrow to you, Neighbour.

HEARTLY.

And to you, Sir *Charles*, I am glad to ſee you ſo ſtrong and healthy.

Sir CHARLES.

I can return you the Compliment, my Friend, —Without Flattery you don't look more than Thirty-five; and between ourſelves, you are on the wrong Side of Forty—But Mum for that.

HEARTLY.

Eaſe and Tranquillity keep me as you ſee.

Sir CHARLES.

Why don't you marry, Neighbour? A good Wife would do well for you.

HEARTLY.

For me? you are pleaſed to be merry, Sir *Charles*.

Sir CHARLES.

No faith, I am ſerious, and had I a Daughter to recommend to you, you ſhould ſay me nay more than once, I aſſure you, Neighbour *Heartly*, before I would quit you.

HEARTLY.

I am much obliged to you.

Sir CHARLES.

But indeed you are a little too much of the Philoſopher, to think of being troubled with Women and their Concerns.

HEARTLY.

I beg your Pardon, Sir *Charles*—Tho' there are many, who call themſelves Philoſophers, that live ſingle, and perhaps are in the right of it, yet I cannot think that Marriage is at all inconſiſtent with

with true Philoſophy.—A wiſe Man will reſolve to live like the reſt of the World, with this only Difference, that he is neither a Slave to Paſſions nor Events.—It is not becauſe I have a little Philoſophy, but becauſe I am on the wrong Side of Forty, Sir *Charles*, that I deſire to be excuſed. *(ſmiling.)*

Sir CHARLES.

As you pleaſe, Sir,—and now to my Buſineſs.—You have no Objection, I ſuppoſe, to tie up your Ward, Miſs *Harriet*, though you have ſlipped the Collar yourſelf—Ha! ha! ha!

HEARTLY.

Quite the contrary, Sir; I have taken her ſome time from the Boarding School, and brought her home, in order to diſpoſe of her worthily, with her own Inclination.

Sir CHARLES.

Her Father, I have heard you ſay, recommended that particular Care to you, when ſhe had reached a certain Age.

HEARTLY.

He did ſo—and I am the more deſirous to obey him ſcrupulouſly in this Circumſtance, as ſhe will be a moſt valuable Acquiſition to the Perſon who ſhall gain her—for, not to mention her Fortune, which is the leaſt Conſideration, her Sentiments are worthy her Birth; ſhe is gentle, modeſt, and obliging.—In a Word, my Friend, I never ſaw Youth more amiable or diſcreet,—but perhaps I am a little partial to her.

Sir CHARLES.

No, no, ſhe is a delicious Creature, every body ſays ſo.—But I believe, Neighbour, ſomething has happened that you little think of.

HEARTLY.

What, pray, Sir *Charles?*

Sir CHARLES.

My Nephew, Mr. *Heartly*——

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Y. CLACKIT.

Here I am, at your Service, Sir—My Uncle is a little unhappy in his Manner; but I'll clear the Matter in a Moment—Miſs *Harriet*, Sir,—Your Ward——

Sir CHARLES.

Get away, you Puppy!

Y. CLACKIT.

Miſs *Harriet*, Sir, your Ward,—a moſt accompliſh'd young Lady, to be ſure——

Sir CHARLES.

Thou art a moſt accompliſh'd Coxcomb, to be ſure.

HEARTLY.

Pray, Sir *Charles*, let the young Gentleman ſpeak.

Y. CLACKIT.

You'll excuſe me, Mr. *Heartly*—My Uncle does not ſet up for an Orator,—a little confuſed, or ſo, Sir,—You ſee me what I am,—But I ought to aſk Pardon for the young Lady and myſelf.—We are young, Sir,—I muſt confeſs we were wrong to conceal it from you,—but my Uncle, I ſee, is pleaſed to be angry, and therefore, I ſhall ſay no more at preſent.

Sir CHARLES.

If you don't leave the room this Moment, and ſtay in the Garden, till I call you——

Y. CLACKIT.

I am ſorry I have diſpleaſed you—I did not think it was *mal-a-propos*; but you muſt have your way, Uncle—You command—I ſubmit—Mr. *Heartly*, your's. [*Exit Young* Clackit.

Sir CHARLES.

Puppy! *(aſide.)* My Nephew's a little unthinking, Mr. *Heartly*, as you ſee, and therefore I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this Affair: But indeed, he has perſuaded me in a Manner, that your Ward and he are not ill together.

HEARTLY.

Indeed! This is the firſt Notice I have had of it, and I cannot conceive why Miſs *Harriet* ſhould conceal it from me; for I have often aſſured her,

that I would never oppoſe her Inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

Sir CHARLES.

'Tis human Nature, Neighbour.—We are ſo aſhamed of our firſt Paſſion, that we would willingly hide it from ourſelves—But will you mention my Nephew to her?

HEARTLY.

I muſt beg your Pardon, Sir *Charles*.—The Name of the Gentleman whom ſhe chuſes, muſt firſt come from herſelf.—My Advice or Importunity ſhall never influence her: If Guardians would be leſs rigorous, young People would be more reaſonable; and I am ſo unfaſhionable to think, that Happineſs in Marriage can't be bought too dear.—I am ſtill on the wrong Side of Forty, Sir *Charles*.

Sir CHARLES.

No, no,—You are right Neighbour.—But here ſhe is.—Don't alarm her young Heart too much, I beg of you.—Upon my Word, ſhe is a ſweet Morſel.

Enter Miſs HARRIET *and* LUCY.

Miſs HARRIET.

He is with Company—I'll ſpeak to him another Time. (*Retiring*.

LUCY.

Young, handſome, and afraid of being ſeen.—You are very particular, Miſs.

HEARTLY.

Miſs *Harriet*, you muſt not go.—(*Harriet returns*) Sir *Charles*, give me leave to introduce you to this young Lady.—(*Introduces her*) You know, I ſuppoſe, the Reaſon of this Gentleman's Viſit to me? [*To Harriet.*

Miſs HARRIET.

Sir! (*confuſed.*)

HEARTLY.

You may truſt me, my Dear (*ſmiling.*)—Don't be diſturb'd, I ſhall not reproach you with any thing but keeping your Wiſhes a Secret from me ſo long.

[Miſs HARRIET.

—Upon my Word, Sir.—*Lucy!*

LUCY.

Well, and *Lucy!* I'll lay my Life 'tis a Treaty of Marriage.—Is that ſuch a dreadful Thing? Oh, for Shame, Madam! Young Ladies of Faſhion are not frightened at ſuch Things now a days.

HEARTLY *to Sir* CHARLES.

We have gone too far, Sir *Charles*.—We muſt excuſe her Delicacy, and give her Time to recover: —I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now. — Be perſuaded that no Endeavours ſhall be wanting on my Part, to bring this Affair to a happy and a ſpeedy Concluſion.

Sir CHARLES.

I ſhall be obliged to you, Mr. *Heartly*.—Young Lady, your Servant.—What Grace and Modeſty! She

She is a moſt engaging Creature, and I ſhall be proud to make her one of my Family.

HEARTLY.

You do us Honour, Sir *Charles*.

[*Exeunt Sir* Charles *and* Heartly.

LUCY.

Indeed, Miſs *Harriet*, you are very particular; you was tired of the Boarding School, and yet ſeem to have no Inclination to be married.—What can be the Meaning of all this?—That ſmirking old Gentleman is Uncle to Mr. *Clackit*; and, my Life for it, he has made ſome Propoſals to your Guardian.

Miſs HARRIET.

Prithee don't plague me about Mr. *Clackit*.

LUCY.

But why not, Miſs? Tho' he is a little fantaſtical, loves to hear himſelf talk, and is ſomewhat ſelf-ſufficient; you muſt conſider he is young, has been abroad, and keeps good Company:—The Trade will ſoon be at an end, if young Ladies and Gentlemen grow over nice and exceptious.

Miſs HARRIET.

But if I can find one without theſe Faults, I may ſurely pleaſe myſelf.

LUCY.

Without theſe Faults! and is he young, Miſs?

Miſs HARRIET.

He is ſenſible, modeſt, polite, affable, and generous; and charms from the natural Impulſes of his

his own Heart, as much as others diſguſt by their ſenſeleſs Airs, and inſolent Affectation.

LUCY.

Upon my word!—But why have you kept this Secret ſo long?—Your Guardian is kind to you beyond Conception.—What Difficulties can you have to overcome?

Miſs HARRIET.

Why the Difficulty of declaring my Sentiments.

LUCY.

Leave that to me, Miſs.—But your Spark, with all his Accompliſhments, muſt have very little Penetration not to have diſcovered his good Fortune in your Eyes.

Miſs HARRIET.

I take care that my Eyes don't tell too much; and he has too much Delicacy to interpret Looks to his Advantage. Beſides, he would certainly diſapprove my Paſſion; and if I ſhould ever make the Declaration, and meet with a Denial, I ſhould abſolutely die with ſhame.

LUCY.

I'll enſure your Life for a Silver Thimble.—But what can poſſibly hinder your coming together?

Miſs HARRIET.

His Exceſs of Merit.

LUCY.

His Exceſs of a Fiddleſtick!—But come, I'll put you in the way;—You ſhall truſt me with the Secret;—I'll entruſt it again to half a dozen Friends; they

they ſhall entruſt it to half a dozen more, by which Means it will travel half the Town over in a Week's time; the Gentleman will certainly hear of it, and then if he is not at your Feet in the fetching of a Sigh, I'll give up all my Perquiſites at your Wedding.—What is his Name, Miſs?

Miſs HARRIET.

I cannot tell you his Name,—Indeed I cannot; I am afraid of being thought too ſingular.—But why ſhould I be aſhamed of my Paſſion? Is the Impreſſion which a virtuous Character makes upon our Hearts ſuch a Weakneſs that it may not be excuſed?

LUCY.

By my Faith, Miſs, I can't underſtand you: You are afraid of being thought ſingular, and you really are ſo;—I would ſooner renounce all the Paſſions in the Univerſe than have one in my Boſom beating and fluttering itſelf to pieces.—Come, come, Miſs, open the Window and let the poor Devil out.

Enter HEARTLY.

HEARTLY.

Leave us, *Lucy*.

LUCY.

There's ſomething going forward,—'tis very hard I can't be of the Party. [*Exit.*

HEARTLY.

She certainly thinks, from the Character of the young Man, that I ſhall diſapprove of her Choice. (*Aſide.*)

Miſs HARRIET.

What can I poſſibly ſay to him? I am as much aſhamed to make the Declaration, as he would be to underſtand it.

HEARTLY.

Don't imagine, my Dear, that I would know more of your Thoughts than you deſire I ſhould; but the tender Care which I have ever ſhewn, and the ſincere Friendſhip which I ſhall always have for you, give me a ſort of Right to enquire into every Thing that concerns you.—Some Friends have ſpoken to me in particular.—But that is not all,—I have lately found you thoughtful, abſent, and diſturbed:—Be plain with me,—Has not ſome body been happy enough to pleaſe you?

Miſs HARRIET.

I cannot deny it, Sir:—Yes,—Somebody indeed has pleaſed me;—But I muſt intreat you not to give Credit to any idle Stories, or enquire farther into the Particulars of my Inclination; for I cannot poſſibly have Reſolution enough to ſay more to you.

HEARTLY.

But have you made a Choice, my Dear?

Miſs HARRIET.

I have, in my own Mind, Sir; and 'tis impoſſible to make a better;—Reaſon, Honour, every Thing muſt approve it.

HEARTLY.

And how long have you conceived this Paſſion?

Miſs HARRIET.

Ever ſince I left the Country—to live with you. [*Sighs.*

HEARTLY.

I ſee your Confuſion, my Dear, and will relieve you from it immediately—I am informed of the whole——

Miſs HARRIET.

Sir!

HEARTLY.

Don't be uneaſy, for I can with Pleaſure aſſure you, that your Paſſion is return'd with equal Tenderneſs.

Miſs HARRIET.

If you are not deceiv'd—I cannot be more happy.

HEARTLY.

I think I am not deceiv'd;—But, after the Declaration you have made, and the Aſſurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? Have I not deſerv'd a little more Confidence from you?

Miſs HARRIET.

You have indeed deſerv'd it, and ſhould certainly have it, were I not well aſſur'd that you wou'd oppoſe my Inclinations.

HEARTLY.

I oppoſe 'em! Am I then ſo unkind to you, my Dear?—Can you in the leaſt doubt of my Affection for you?——I promiſe you that I have no Will but your's.

Miſs HARRIET.

What a dreadful Situation I am in!——

Y. CLACKIT.

Hope for the beſt,—I'll bring Matters about I warrant you.

HEARTLY.

You have both of you great Reaſon to be ſatisfied,—Nothing ſhall oppoſe your Happineſs.

Y. CLACKIT.

Bravo, Mr. *Heartly!*

HEARTLY.

Miſs *Harriet*'s Will is a Law to me; and for you, Sir,—the Friendſhip which I have ever profeſs'd for your Uncle is too ſincere not to exert ſome of it upon this Occaſion.

Miſs HARRIET.

I ſhall die with Confuſion! *(Aſide.)*

Y. CLACKIT.

I am alive again.—Dear Mr. *Heartly*, thou art a moſt adorable Creature! What a Happineſs it is to have to do with a Man of Senſe, who has no fooliſh Prejudices, and can ſee when a young Fellow has ſomething tolerable about him!——

HEARTLY.

Sir, not to flatter you, I muſt declare, that it is from a Knowledge of your Friends and Family, that I have Hopes of ſeeing you and this young Lady

Lady happy. I will go directly to your Uncle, and aſſure him that every Thing goes on to our Wiſhes.——— (*Going.*)

Miſs HARRIET.

Mr. *Heartly*,—Pray, Sir!

HEARTLY.

Poor Miſs *Harriet*, I ſee your Diſtreſs, and am ſorry for it; but it muſt be got over, and the ſooner the better.—Mr. *Clackit*, my Dear, will be glad of an Opportunity to entertain you, for the little Time that I ſhall be abſent!—Poor Miſs *Harriet!* (*Smiling.*)

[*Exit* Heartly.

Y. CLACKIT.

Allez, allez, Monſieur!—I'll anſwer for that.—Well Ma'am I think every Thing ſucceeds to our Wiſhes.—Be ſincere, my Adorable,——Don't you think yourſelf a very happy young Lady?

Miſs HARRIET.

I ſhall be moſt particularly obliged to you, Sir, if you would inform me what is the Meaning of all this.

Y. CLACKIT.

Inform you, Miſs!—The Matter, I believe, is pretty clear:—Our Friends have Underſtanding,—We have Affections,——And a Marriage follows of Courſe.

Miſs HARRIET.

Marriage, Sir! Pray what Relation or particular Connexion is there between you and me, Sir?

Y. CLACKIT.

I may be deceiv'd Faith;—But upon my Honour, I always ſuppoſed that there was a little Smatt'ring of Inclination between us.

Miſs HARRIET.

And have you ſpoke to my Guardian upon this Suppoſition, Sir?

Y. CLACKIT.

And are you angry at it? I believe not.——(*Smiling.*) Come, come, I believe not,—'Tis delicate in you to be upon the Reſerve.———

Miſs HARRIET.

Indeed, Sir, this Behaviour of your's is moſt extraordinary.

Y. CLACKIT.

Come, come, my Dear, don't carry this Jeſt too far, *è troppo, è troppo mia Cariſſima.*—What the Devil, when every Thing is agreed upon, and Uncles and Guardians, and ſuch Folks have given their Conſent, why continue the Hypocriſy?

Miſs HARRIET.

They may have conſented for you; but I am Miſtreſs of my Affections, and will never diſpoſe of 'em by Proxy.

Y. CLACKIT.

Upon my Soul this is very droll:—What! has not your Guardian been here this Moment, and expreſſed all imaginable Pleaſure at our intended Union?

Miſs HARRIET.

He is in an Error, Sir:—And had I not been too much aſtoniſhed at your Behaviour, I had undeceiv'd him long before now.

Y. CLACKIT. *(Humming a Tune.)*

But, pray, Miſs, to return to Buſineſs—What can be your Intention in raiſing all this Confuſion in the Family, and oppoſing your own Inclinations?

Miſs HARRIET.

Oppoſing my own Inclinations, Sir?

Y. CLACKIT.

Ay, oppoſing your own Inclinations, Madam. ——Do you know, Child, if you carry on this Farce any longer, I ſhall begin to be a little angry?

Miſs HARRIET.

I would wiſh it, Sir,——for be aſſur'd, that I never in my Life had the leaſt Thought about you.

Y. CLACKIT.

Words, Words, Words——

Miſs HARRIET.

'Tis moſt ſincerely and literally true.

Y. CLACKIT.

Come, come, I know what I know——

Miſs HARRIET.

Don't make yourſelf ridiculous, Mr. *Clackit*.

Y. CLACKIT.

Don't you make yourſelf miſerable, Miſs *Harriet*.

Miſs HARRIET.

I am only ſo, when you perſiſt to torment me.

Y. CLACKIT. *(Smiling.)*

And you really believe, that you don't love me?

Miſs HARRIET.

Poſitively not.

Y. CLACKIT. *(Conceitedly.)*

And you are very ſure now, that you hate me?

Miſs HARRIET.

Oh! Moſt cordially.

Y. CLACKIT.

Poor young Lady! I do pity you from my Soul.

Miſs HARRIET.

Then why won't you leave me?

Y. CLACKIT.

——" *She never to'd her Love,*
" *But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' bud,*
" *Feed on her damaſk Cheek.*"——

Take Warning, Miſs, when you once begin to *pine in Thought*, 'tis all over with you, and be aſſured, ſince you are obſtinately bent to give yourſelf Airs, that, if you once ſuffer me to leave this Houſe, in a Pet—Do you mind me?—Not all your Sighing, Whining, Fits, Vapours and Hyſtericks, ſhall ever

move me to take the leaſt Compaſſion on you——
Coute qui Coute.

Enter HEARTLY *and Sir* CHARLES.

Sir CHARLES.

I am overjoyed to hear it:—There they are, the pretty Doves! That is the Age, Neighbour *Heartly*, for Happineſs and Pleaſure.

HEARTLY.

I am willing you ſee to loſe no Time, which may convince you, Sir *Charles*, how proud I am of this Alliance in our Families.

Sir CHARLES.

The Thought of it rejoices me:——Gad, I will ſend for the Fiddles, and take a Dance myſelf, and a Fig for the Gout and Rheumatiſm.——But hold, hold,——The Lovers methinks are a little out of Humour with each other—What is the Matter, *Jack?* Not pouting ſure before your Time.

Y. CLACKIT.

A Trifle, Sir,——the Lady will tell you——
(Hums a Tune.)

HEARTLY.

You ſeem to be troubled, *Harriet?*—What can this mean?

Miſs HARRIET.

You have been in an Error, Sir, about me;—I did not undeceive you, becauſe I could not imagine,

gine, that the Conſequences could have been ſo ſerious and ſo ſudden;—But I am now forced to tell you, that you have miſunderſtood me—That you have diſtreſſed me——

HEARTLY.

How, my dear?

Sir CHARLES.

What do you ſay, Miſs?

Y. CLACKIT.

Mademoiſelle is pleaſed to be out of Humour, but I can't blame her; for, upon my Honour, I think a little Coquetry becomes her.

Sir CHARLES.

Ay, ay, ay,—Oh, ho!—Is that all? Theſe little Squalls ſeldom overſet the Lover's Boat, but drive it the faſter to Port—Ay, ay, ay——

HEARTLY.

Don't be uneaſy, my Dear, that you have declared your Paſſion.—Be conſiſtent now, leſt you ſhould be thought capricious.

Y. CLACKIT.

Talk to her a little, Mr. *Heartly*; ſhe is a fine Lady, and has many Virtues, but ſhe does not know the World.

Sir CHARLES.

Come, come, you muſt be friends again, my Children.

Miſs HARRIET.

I beg you will let me alone, Sir.

HEARTLY.

For Heaven's ſake, Miſs *Harriet*, explain this Riddle to me.

Miſs HARRIET.

I cannot, Sir.—I have diſcovered the Weakneſs of my Heart—I have diſcovered it to you, Sir;—But your unkind Interpretations, and reproachful Looks, convince me, that I have already ſaid but too much. [*Exit.* (Heartly *muſes.*)

Sir CHARLES.

Well but hark'ye, Nephew:—This is going a little too far,——What have you done to her?

HEARTLY.

I never ſaw her ſo much moved before!

Y. CLACKIT.

Upon my Soul, Gentlemen, I am as much ſurprized at it as you can be:——The little *Bronillerie* between us, aroſe upon her perſiſting, that there was no Paſſion, no *Penchant* between us.

Sir CHARLES.

I'll tell you what, *Jack*,——There is a certain Kind of Impudence about you, that I don't approve of; and were I a young Girl, thoſe Coxcomical Airs of your's would ſurfeit me.

Y. CLACKIT.

But as the young Ladies are not quite ſo ſqueamiſh as you, Uncle, I fancy they will chuſe me as I am. Ha! ha!—But what can the Lady object to? I have offered to marry her, is not that a Proof ſufficient that I like her? A young Fellow muſt have

have ſome Affection that will go ſuch Lengths to indulge it. Ha! ha!

Sir CHARLES.

Why really, Friend *Heartly*, I don't ſee how a young Man can well do more, or a Lady deſire more.——What ſay you, Neighbour?

HEARTLY.

Upon my Word, I am puzzled about it,—— My Thoughts upon the Matter are ſo various, and ſo confuſed.—Every thing I ſee and hear is ſo contradictory——Is ſo——She certainly, cannot like any Body elſe?

Y. CLACKIT.

No, no, I'll anſwer for that——

HEARTLY.

Or ſhe may be fearful then, that your Paſſion for her is not ſincere, or like other young Men of the Times, you may grow careleſs upon Marriage and neglect her.

Y. CLACKIT.

Ha! Egad, you have hit it; nothing but a little natural delicate Senſibility—— *(Hums a Tune.)*

HEARTLY.

If ſo, perhaps the Violence of her Reproaches may proceed from the Lukewarmneſs of your Profeſſions.

Y. CLACKIT.

Je vous demande pardon——I have ſworn to her a hundred and a hundred Times, that ſhe ſhould be the happieſt of her Sex:—But there is nothing ſurprizing in all this, it is the Miſery of an over-

fond

fond Heart, to be always doubtful of its Happineſs.

HEARTLY.

And if ſhe marries thee, I fear that ſhe'll be kept in a State of Doubt as long as ſhe lives.
(Half aſide.)

Enter LUCY.

LUCY.

Pray Gentlemen, What is the Matter among you? And which of you has affronted my Miſtreſs? She is in a moſt prodigious Taking yonder, and ſhe vows to return into the Country again;——I can get nothing but Sighs from her.

Y. CLACKIT.

Poor Thing!

LUCY.

Poor Thing! The Devil take this Love, I ſay,—There's more rout about it than 'tis worth.

Y. CLACKIT.

I beg your Pardon for that, Mrs. *Abigail.*

HEARTLY.

I muſt enquire further in this; her Behaviour is too particular for me not to be diſturbed at it.

LUCY.

She deſires, with the Leave of theſe Gentlemen, that when ſhe has recover'd herſelf, ſhe may talk with you alone, Sir. *(To* Heartly.*)*

I ſhall with Pleaſure attend her. [*Exit* Lucy.

Y. CLACKIT.

Divin Bacchus: La, la, la! *(Sings.*

Sir CHARLES.

I would give, old as I am, a Leg or an Arm to be belov'd by that ſweet Creature as you are, *Jack!*

Y. CLACKIT.

And throw your Gout and Rheumatism into the Bargain, Uncle?——Ha, ha! *Divin Bacchus.* La, la, la, *&c.* *(Sings.)*

Sir CHARLES.

What the Plague are you quavering at? Thou haſt no more Feeling for thy Happineſs than my Stick here.

Y. CLACKIT.

I beg your Pardon for that, my dear Uncle.

(Takes out a Pocket Looking-glaſs.)

Sir CHARLES.

I wonder what the Devil is come to the young Fellows of this Age, Neighbour *Heartly?*—Why a fine Woman has no Effect upon 'em.——Is there no Method to make 'em leſs fond of themſelves, and more mindful of the Ladies?

HEARTLY.

I know but of one, Sir *Charles.*——

Sir CHARLES.

Ay, what's that?

HEARTLY.

Why to break all the Looking-glaſſes in the Kingdom. *(Pointing to* Y. Clackit.)

Sir CHARLES.

Ay, ay, they are ſuch Fops, ſo taken up with themſelves!——Zounds, when I was young, and in Love——

Y. CLACKIT.

You were a prodigious fine Sight, to be ſure.

HEARTLY.

Look'ye, Mr. *Clackit*, if Miſs *Harriet*'s Affections declare for you, ſhe muſt not be treated with Neglect or Diſdain——Nor could I bear it, Sir.——Any Man muſt be proud of her Partiality to him, and he muſt be faſhionably inſenſible indeed, who wou'd not make it his darling Care to defend, from every Inquietude, the moſt delicate and tender of her Sex.

Sir CHARLES.

Moſt nobly and warmly ſaid, Mr. *Heartly*.——Go to her, Nephew, directly,——Throw yourſelf at her Feet, and ſwear how much her Beauty and Virtue have captivated you, and don't let her go till you have ſet her dear little Heart at Reſt.

Y. CLACKIT.

I muſt deſire to be excus'd.——Wou'd you have me ſay the ſame thing over and over again?—I can't do it poſitively;——it is my Turn to be piqu'd now.

Sir CHARLES.

Damn your Conceit, *Jack*, I can bear it no longer.

HEARTLY.

I am very ſorry to find that any young Lady, ſo near and dear to me, ſhou'd beſtow her Heart, where there is ſo little Proſpect of its being valued as it ought.——However, I ſhall not oppoſe my Authority to her Inclinations; and ſo———Who waits there? (*Enter* SERVANT.) Let the young Lady know that I ſhall attend her Commands in the Library. (*Exit* Servant.) Will you excuſe me, Gentlemen?

Sir CHARLES.

Ay, ay.—We'll leave you to yourſelves; and pray convince her, that I and my Nephew are moſt ſincerely her very humble Servants.

Y. CLACKIT.

O, yes, you may depend upon me.

HEARTLY.

A very ſlender Dependence truly. (*Aſide.*) [*Exit.*

Y. CLACKIT.

We'll be with you again to know what your *Tete a tete* produces, and in the mean Time I am her's,——and yours,——Adieu. Come, Uncle, ——Fal, lal, la, la!

Sir CHARLES.

I cou'd knock him down with Pleaſure. (*Aſide.*)

[*Exeunt Sir* Charles *and* Y. Clackit.

ACT II.

SCENE, A Library.

HEARTLY *(ſpeaking to a Servant.)*

TELL Miſs *Harriet*, that I am here.——— If ſhe is indiſpoſed, I will wait upon her in her own Room.— [*Exit Servant.*

However myſterious her Conduct appears to me, yet ſtill it is to be decyphered——This young Gentleman has certainly touch'd her—There are ſome Objections to him, and among ſo many young Men of Faſhion that fall in her Way, ſhe certainly might have made a better Choice: She has an Underſtanding to be ſenſible of this; and, if I am not miſtaken, it is a Struggle between her Reaſon and her Paſſion, that occaſions all this Confuſion.—But here ſhe is,

Enter Miſs HARRIET.

Miſs HARRIET.

I hope you are not angry, Sir, that I left you ſo abruptly, without making any Apology?

HEARTLY.

I am angry that you think an Apology neceſſary.—The Matter we were upon was of ſuch a delicate Nature,

Nature, that I was more pleaſed with your Confuſion, than I ſhould have been with your Excuſes.—You'll pardon me, my Dear.—

Miſs HARRIET.

I have reflected, that the Perſon for whom I have conceived a moſt tender Regard may, from the wiſeſt Motives, doubt of my Paſſion; and therefore I would endeavour to anſwer all his Objections, and convince him how deſerving he is of my higheſt Eſteem.

HEARTLY.

I have not yet apprehended what Kind of Diſpute could ariſe between you and Mr. *Clackit*:—I would adviſe you both to come to a Reconciliation as ſoon as poſſible.—The Law of Nature is an imperious one, and cannot, like thoſe of our Country, be eaſily evaded; and though Reaſon may ſuggeſt ſome diſagreeable Reflections, yet when the Stroke is to be given, we muſt ſubmit to it.

Miſs HARRIET.

He ſtill continues in his Error, and I cannot undeceive him. (*Aſide.*)

HEARTLY.

Shall I take the Liberty of telling you, my Dear. (*Taking her Hand.*)—You tremble, *Harriet!*——What is the Matter with you?

Miſs HARRIET.

Nothing, Sir.—Pray go on.—

HEARTLY.

I gueſs whence proceeds all your Uneaſineſs.—You fear that the World will not be ſo readily convinced of this young Gentleman's Merit as you are:

And, indeed, I could wish him more deſerving of you; but your Regard for him gives him a Merit he otherwiſe would have wanted, and almoſt makes me blind to his Failings.

Miſs HARRIET.

And would you adviſe me, Sir, to make choice of this Gentleman?

HEARTLY.

I would adviſe you, as I always have done, to conſult your own Heart upon ſuch an Occaſion.

Miſs HARRIET.

If that is your Advice, I will moſt religiouſly follow it; and, for the laſt Time, I am reſolved to diſcover my real Sentiments; but as a Confeſſion of this kind will not become me, I have been thinking of ſome innocent Stratagem to ſpare my Bluſhes, and in part to relieve me from the Shame of a Declaration.—Might I be permitted to write to him?—

HEARTLY.

I think you may, my Dear, without the leaſt Offence to your Delicacy: And indeed you ought to explain yourſelf; your late Miſunderſtanding makes it abſolutely neceſſary.

Miſs HARRIET.

Will you be kind enough to aſſiſt me?—Will you write it for me, Sir?

HEARTLY.

Oh moſt willingly!—And as I am made a Party, it will remove all Objections.

Miſs HARRIET.

I will dictate to you in the beſt Manner I am able. *(Sighing.)*

HEARTLY.

And here is Pen, Ink, and Paper, to obey your Commands. *(Draws the Table.)*

Miſs HARRIET.

Lord, how my Heart beats! I fear I cannot go thro' it. *(Aſide.)*

HEARTLY.

Now, my Dear, I am ready.—Don't be diſturb'd.—He is certainly a Man of Family, and tho' he has ſome little Faults, Time and your Virtues will correct them.—Come, what ſhall I write? *(Preparing to write.)*

Miſs HARRIET.

Pray give me a Moment's Thought;—'Tis a terrible Taſk, Mr. *Heartly.*

HEARTLY.

I know it is.—Don't hurry yourſelf;—I ſhall wait with Patience.—Come, Miſs *Harriet.*

Miſs HARRIET *(dictating.)*

" *It is in vain for me to conceal from one of your* " *Underſtanding, the Secrets of my Heart.*

HEARTLY.

The Secrets of my Heart—(Writing.)

Miſs HARRIET.

" *Tho' your Humility and Modeſty will not ſuffer* " *you to perceive it.*—

HEARTLY.

Do you think, my Dear, that he is much troubled with thoſe Qualities?

Miſs HARRIET.

Pray indulge me, Sir.—

HEARTLY.

I beg your Pardon.—*Your Humility and Modeſty will not ſuffer you to perceive it.* (*Writes.*) So.

Miſs HARRIET.

" *Every Thing tells you, that it is you that I love.*

HEARTLY.

Very well. (*Writes.*)

Miſs HARRIET.

Yes:—You *that I love*;—do you underſtand me?

HEARTLY.

O! yes, yes;—I underſtand you,—*that it is* You *that I love.*—This is very plain, my Dear.

Miſs HARRIET.

I would have it ſo.—" *And tho' I am already* " *bound in Gratitude to you.*—

HEARTLY.

In Gratitude to Mr. *Clackit?*

Miſs HARRIET.

Pray write, Sir.

HEARTLY.

Well,—*In Gratitude to you*; (*writes.*)—I muſt write what ſhe would have me. (*Aſide.*)

Miſs HARRIET.

" *Yet my Paſſion is a moſt diſintereſted one.*——

HEARTLY.

Moſt diſintereſted one. (*Writes.*)

Miſs HARRIET.

" *And to convince you, that you owe much more to* " *my Affections,*—

HEARTLY.

And then?

Miſs HARRIET.

" *I could wiſh that I had not experienced*—

HEARTLY.

Stay, Stay: *had not experienced.*—(*Writes.*)

Miſs HARRIET.

" *Your tender Care of me in my Infancy.*—

HEARTLY (*Diſturbed.*)

What did you ſay?——Did I hear right, or am I in a Dream! (*Aſide.*)

Miſs HARRIET.

Why have I declared myſelf?—He'll hate me for my Folly. (*Aſide.*)

HEARTLY.

Harriet!

Miſs HARRIET.

Sir!

HEARTLY.

To whom do you write this Letter?

Miſs HARRIET.

To—to—Mr. *Clackit*,—is it not?

HEARTLY.

You muſt not mention then the Care of your Infancy; it would be ridiculous.

Miſs HARRIET.

It would indeed;—I own it:—It is improper.—

HEARTLY.

What, did it eſcape you in your Confuſion?

Miſs HARRIET.

It did indeed.

HEARTLY.

What muſt I put in its Place?

Miſs HARRIET.

Indeed I don't know.—I have ſaid more than enough to make myſelf underſtood.

HEARTLY.

Then I'll only finiſh your Letter with the uſual Compliment, and ſend it away.

Miſs HARRIET.

Yes,—ſend it away,—If you think I ought to ſend it.

HEARTLY. *(Troubled.)*

Ought to ſend it!—Who's there?——*(Enter a Servant)*. Carry this Letter.

(An Action eſcapes from Harriet, *as if to hinder the ſending the Letter.)*

—Is it not for Mr. *Clackit?*

Miſs HARRIET. *(Peviſhly.)*

Who can it be for?

HEARTLY. *(To the Servant.)*

Here take this Letter to Mr. *Clackit.*

(Gives the Letter.)

[*Exit Servant.*

Miſs HARRIET.

What a terrible Situation! *(Aſide.)*

HEARTLY.

I am thunderſtruck! *(Aſide.)*

Miſs HARRIET.

I cannot ſpeak another Word. *(Aſide.)*

HEARTLY.

My Prudence fails me! *(Aſide.)*

Miſs HARRIET.

He diſapproves my Paſſion, and I ſhall die with Confuſion. *(Aſide.)*

Enter LUCY.

LUCY.

The Converſation is over, and I may appear. *(Aſide.)*—Sir *Charles* is without, Sir, and is impatient to know your Determination;———May he be permitted to ſee you?

HEARTLY. *(Aſide.)*

I muſt retire to conceal my Weakneſs. [*Exit.*

LUCY.

Upon my Word this is very whimſical.—What is the Reaſon, Miſs, that your Guardian is gone away without giving me an Anſwer?

Miſs HARRIET. *(Aſide.)*

What a Contempt he muſt have for me, to behave in this Manner! [*Exit.*

LUCY.

Extremely well, this, and equally fooliſh on both Sides!——But what can be the Meaning of it?—Ho, ho,—I think I have a Glimmering at laſt.—Suppoſe ſhe ſhou'd not like young Shatter-brains after all; and indeed ſhe has never abſolutely ſaid ſhe did; who knows but ſhe has at laſt opened her Mind to my good Maſter, and he finding her Taſte (like that of other Girls at her Age) moſt particularly ridiculous, has not been ſo complaiſant as he uſed to be.———What a Shame it is that I don't know more of this Matter, a Wench of Spirit, as I am, a Favourite of my Miſtreſs, and as inquiſitive as I ought to be! It is an Affront to my Character, and I muſt have Satisfaction immediately.—*(Going.)* I will go directly to my young Miſtreſs, teize her to Death, till I am at the Bottom of this; and if Threatning, Soothing, Scolding, Whiſpering, Crying, and Lying will not prevail, I will e'en give her Warning,—And go upon the Stage. [*Exit.*

(Enter HEARTLY.)

HEARTLY.

The more I reflect upon what has paſs'd, the more I am convinc'd that ſhe did not intend writing to this young Fellow.——What am I to think of it then?——Let a Man be ever ſo much upon his Guard againſt the Approaches of Vanity, yet he will find himſelf weak in that Quarter.——Had not my Reaſon made a little Stand againſt my Preſumption, I might have interpreted ſome of *Harriet*'s Words in my own Favour; but——I may

may well bluſh, tho' alone, at my extravagant Folly!——Can it be poſſible that ſo young a Creature ſhou'd even caſt a Thought of that Kind upon me?——Upon me! Preſumptuous Vanity!——No, no,——I will do her and myſelf the Juſtice to acknowledge, that, for a very few ſlight Appearances, there are a thouſand Reaſons that deſtroy ſo ridiculous a Suppoſition.

(*Enter Sir* CHARLES.)

Sir CHARLES.

Well, Mr. *Heartly*, what are we to hope for?

HEARTLY.

Upon my Word, Sir, I am ſtill in the Dark; we puzzle about, indeed, but we don't get forward.

Sir CHARLES.

What the Devil is the Meaning of all this? There never ſure were Lovers ſo difficult to bring together. But have you not been a little too rough with the Lady? For as I paſs'd by her but now, ſhe ſeem'd a little out of Humour,——And, upon my Faith, not the leſs beautiful for a little pouting.

HEARTLY.

Upon my Word, Sir *Charles*, what I can collect from her Behaviour is, that your Nephew is not ſo much in her good Graces, as he made you believe.

Sir CHARLES.

'Egad, like enough;——But hold, hold,——this muſt be look'd a little into;——if it is ſo, I wou'd be glad to know, why, and wherefore, I have been made ſo ridiculous.——Eh, Maſter

Heartly, does he take me for his Fool, his Beaſt, his Merry Andrew? By the Lord *Harry*——

HEARTLY.

In him a little Vanity is excuſable.

Sir CHARLES.

I am his Vanity's humble Servant for that tho'.——

HEARTLY.

He is of an Age, Sir *Charles*——

Sir CHARLES.

Ay, of an Age to be very impertinent; but I ſhall deſire him to be leſs free with his Uncle for the future, I aſſure him.

Enter LUCY.

LUCY.

I have it, I have it, Gentlemen! You need not puzzle any more about the Matter.—I have got the Secret.——I know the Knight-Errant that has wounded our diſtreſs'd Lady.

Sir CHARLES.

Well, and who? And what, Child?

LUCY.

What, has not ſhe told you, Sir? (*To* Heartly.)

HEARTLY.

Not directly.

LUCY.

So much the better.—What Pleaſure it is to diſcover a Secret, and then tell it to all the World!—I preſs'd her ſo much, that ſhe at laſt confeſs'd,

Sir CHARLES.

Well, what?

LUCY.

That, in the firſt place, ſhe did not like your Nephew.

Sir CHARLES.

And I told the Puppy ſo.

LUCY.

That ſhe had a moſt mortal Antipathy for the young Men of this Age; and that ſhe had ſettled her Affections upon one of riper Years, and riper Underſtanding.

Sir CHARLES.

Indeed!

LUCY.

And that ſhe expected from a Lover in his Autumn more Affection, more Complaiſance, more Conſtancy, and more Diſcretion of Courſe.

HEARTLY.

This is very particular.

Sir CHARLES.

Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

LUCY.

In ſhort, as ſhe had openly declared againſt the Nephew, I took upon me to ſpeak of his Uncle.

Sir CHARLES.

Of me, Child?

LUCY.

Yes, of you, Sir;——And ſhe did not ſay me Nay,——But caſt ſuch a Look, and fetch'd ſuch a Sigh,——That if ever I look'd and ſigh'd in my Life, I know how it is with her.

Sir CHARLES.

What the Devil!——Why ſurely,——Eh, *Lucy!* You joke for certain,——Mr. *Heartly!*——Eh!—

LUCY.

Indeed I do not, Sir.——'Twas in vain for me to ſay that nothing cou'd be ſo ridiculous as ſuch a Choice.—Nay, Sir, I went a little further, (You'll excuſe me) and told her——Good God, Madam, ſaid I, why he is Old and Gouty, Aſthmatic, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Spleen-atic.—It ſignified nothing, ſhe had determined.——

Sir CHARLES.

But you need not have told her all that.

HEARTLY.

I am perſuaded, Sir *Charles*, that a good Heart and a good Mind will prevail more with that young Lady, than the more faſhionable Accompliſhments.

Sir CHARLES.

I'll tell you what, Neighbour, I have had my Days, and have been well receiv'd among the Ladies, I have——But in Truth, I am rather in my Winter, than my Autumn; ſhe muſt mean ſomebody elſe. Now I think again—It can't be me,—No, no, it can't be me.

LUCY.

But I tell you it is, Sir,—You are the Man,—

Her

Her Stars have decreed it; and what they decree, tho' ever ſo ridiculous, muſt come to paſs.——

Sir CHARLES.

Say you ſo?——Why then, Monſieur Nephew, I ſhall have a little Laugh with you,——Ha, ha, ha! The Tid-bit is not for you, my nice Sir, ——Your Betters muſt be ſerv'd before you.—But here he comes——Not a Word for your Life.—— We'll laugh at him moſt triumphantly,——Ha, ha! but Mum, Mum.

Enter Y. CLACKIT. *(Muſick plays without.)*

Y. CLACKIT.

That will do moſt divinely well.—Bravo, Bravo! Meſſieurs Vocal and Inſtrumental!——Stay in that Chamber, and I will let you know the Time for your Appearance. *(To the Muſicians.)* Meeting by Accident with ſome Artiſts of the String, and my particular Friends, I have brought 'em to celebrate Miſs *Harriet*'s and my approaching Happineſs. (*To* Heartly.)

Sir CHARLES.

Do you hear the Puppy? *(To* Lucy.)

HEARTLY.

It is Time to clear up all Miſtakes.

Sir CHARLES.

Now for it.

HEARTLY.

Miſs *Harriet*, Sir, was not deſtin'd for you.

Y. CLACKIT.

What do you ſay, Sir?——

HEARTLY.

That the young Lady has fix'd her Affections upon another.

Y. CLACKIT.

Upon another?

Sir CHARLES.

Yes, Sir, *Another*:——That is *Engliſh*, Sir, and you may tranſlate it into *French*, if you like it better.

Y. CLACKIT.

Vous êtes bien drole, mon Oncle.——Ha, ha!

Sir CHARLES.

Ay, ay, ſhew your Teeth, you have nothing elſe for it;—But ſhe has fix'd her Heart upon *Another*, I tell you.

Y. CLACKIT.

Very well, Sir, extremely well.

Sir CHARLES.

And that other, Sir, is one to whom you owe great Reſpect.

Y. CLACKIT.

I am his moſt reſpectful humble Servant.

Sir CHARLES.

You are a fine Youth, my ſweet Nephew, to tell me a Story of a Cock and a Bull, of you and the young Lady, when you have no more Intereſt in her than the Czar of *Muſcovy*.

Y. CLACKIT. *(Smiling.)*

But my dear Uncle, don't carry this Jeſt too far, ——I ſhall begin to be uneaſy.

Sir CHARLES.

Ay, ay, I know your Vanity: You think now that the Women are all for you young Fellows.—

Y. CLACKIT.

Nine Hundred and Ninety-nine in a Thouſand, I believe, Uncle: Ha, ha, ha!

Sir CHARLES.

You'll make a damn'd fooliſh Figure, by and by, *Jack.*

Y. CLACKIT.

Whoever my precious Rival is, he muſt prepare himſelf for a little Humility; for be he ever ſo mighty, my dear Uncle, I have that in my Pocket will lower his Top-ſails for him.

(Searching his Pocket.)

Sir CHARLES.

Well, what's that?

Y. CLACKIT.

A Fourteen Pounder only, my good Uncle,— A Letter from the Lady. *(Takes it out of his Pocket.)*

Sir CHARLES.

What, to you?

Y. CLACKIT.

To me, Sir,———This Moment receiv'd, and overflowing with the tendereſt Sentiments.

Sir CHARLES.

To you?

Y. CLACKIT.

Moſt undoubtedly.——She reproaches me with

my exceſſive Modeſty.——There can be no Miſtake.

Sir CHARLES.

What Letter is this he chatters about?

(*To* Heartly.)

HEARTLY.

One written by me, and dictated by the young Lady.

Sir CHARLES.

What! ſent by her to him?

HEARTLY.

I believe ſo.

Sir CHARLES.

Well, but then,——How the Devil,——Mrs. *Lucy!*———Eh!——What becomes of your fine Story?

LUCY.

I don't underſtand it.

Sir CHARLES.

—Nor I!

HEARTLY. (*Heſitating.*)

Nor——I——

Y. CLACKIT.

But I do,—And ſo you will all preſently.——Well, my dear Uncle, what are you aſtoniſhed, petrify'd, annihilated?

Sir CHARLES.

With your Impudence, *Jack!*——But I'll ſee it out.

Enter Miſs HARRIET.

Miſs HARRIET.

Bleſs me, Mr. *Heartly*, what is all this Muſic for in the next Room?

Y. CLACKIT.

I brought the Gentlemen of the String, Mademoiſelle, to convince you, that I feel, as I ought, the Honour you have done me——*(Shewing the Letter.)* But for Heaven's Sake be ſincere a little with theſe good Folks; they tell me here that I am Nobody, and there is another happier than myſelf, and for the Soul of me, I don't know how to believe them.—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir CHARLES.

Let us hear Miſs ſpeak.

Miſs HARRIET.

It is a moſt terrible Taſk; but I am compell'd to it, and to heſitate any longer wou'd be injurious to my Guardian, his Friend, this young Gentleman, and my own Character.

Y. CLACKIT.

Moſt judicious, upon my Soul.

Sir CHARLES.

Hold your Tongue, *Jack*.

Y. CLACKIT.

I am dumb.

Miſs HARRIET.

You have all been in an Error.—My Baſhfulneſs may have deceived you,—My Heart never did.—

Y. CLACKIT.

C'eſt vrai.

Miſs HARRIET.

Therefore, before I declare my Sentiments, it is proper that I diſavow any Engagement:—But at the ſame time muſt confeſs—

Y. CLACKIT.

Ho—ho!—

Miſs HARRIET.

With Fear and Shame confeſs——

Y. CLACKIT.

Courage, Mademoiſelle!

Miſs HARRIET.

That Another, not You, Sir, has gain'd a Power over my Heart.——*(To* Y. Clackit.)

Sir CHARLES.

Another, not *you*; mind that, *Jack*. Ha! ha!

Miſs HARRIET.

It is a Power indeed which he deſpiſes.—I cannot be deceived in his Conduct.—Modeſty may tye the Tongue of our Sex, but Silence in him could proceed only from Contempt.

Sir CHARLES.

How prettily ſhe reproaches me!—But I'll ſoon make it up with her.

Miſs HARRIET.

As to that Letter, Sir; your Error there is excuſable; and I own myſelf in that Particular a little blameable.——But it was not my Fault that it was ſent

ſent to you; and the Contents muſt have told you, that it could not poſſibly be meant for you.

(*To* Y. Clackit.)

Sir CHARLES.

Proof poſitive, *Jack*:—Say no more.—Now is my Time to begin.—Hem!—hem!—Sweet young Lady!—hem!—whoſe Charms are ſo mighty, ſo far tranſcending every thing that we read of in Hiſtory or Fable, how could you poſſibly think that my Silence proceeded from Contempt? Was it natural or prudent, think you, for a Man of Sixty-five, nay, juſt entering into his Sixty-ſixth Year—

Y. CLACKIT.

O Miſericorde! What, is my Uncle my Rival! Nay then I ſhall burſt, by *Jupiter!*—Ha! ha! ha!

Miſs HARRIET.

Don't imagine, Sir, that to me your Age is any Fault.

Sir CHARLES. (*Bowing.*)

You are very obliging, Madam.

Miſs HARRIET.

Neither is it, Sir, a Merit of that extraordinary Nature, that I ſhould ſacrifice to it an Inclination which I have conceived for another.

Sir CHARLES.

How is this?

Y. CLACKIT.

Another! not you,—mind that, Uncle.

LUCY.

What is the Meaning of all this!

Y. CLACKIT.

Proof poſitive, Uncle—And very poſitive.

Sir CHARLES.

I have been led into a Miſtake, Madam, which I hope you will excuſe; and I have made myſelf very ridiculous, which I hope I ſhall forget:—And ſo, Madam, I am your humble Servant.——This young Lady has ſomething very extraordinary about her.

HEARTLY.

What I now ſee, and the Remembrance of what is paſt, force me to break Silence.

Y. CLACKIT.

Ay, now for it.—Hear him—hear him.—

HEARTLY.

O my *Harriet!*—I too muſt be diſgraced in my Turn.—Can you think that I have ſeen and convers'd with you unmov'd?—Indeed I have not.—The more I was ſenſible of your Merit, the ſtronger were my Motives to ſtifle the Ambition of my Heart.—But now I can no longer reſiſt the Violence of my Paſſion, which caſts me at your Feet, the moſt unworthy indeed of all your Admirers, but of all the moſt affectionate.

Y. CLACKIT.

So, ſo, the Moon has changed, and the grown Gentlemen begin to be friſky.

LUCY.

What, my Maſter in Love too!—I'll never truſt theſe Tye-Wigs again. (*Aſide.*)

Miſs HARRIET.

I have refuſed my Hand to Sir *Charles* and this young Gentleman: The one accuſes me of Caprice, the other of Singularity.—Should I refuſe my Hand a third Time, *(ſmiling)* I might draw upon myſelf a more ſevere Reproach,—and therefore I accept your Favour, Sir, and will endeavour to deſerve it.

HEARTLY.

And thus I ſeal my Acknowledgments, and from henceforth devote my every Thought, and all my Services to the Author of my Happineſs.

(Kiſſes her Hand.)

LUCY.

Since Matters are ſo well ſettled, give me leave, Sir, to congratulate you on your Succeſs,——and my young Lady on her Judgment.—You have my Taſte exactly, Miſs; ripe Fruit for my Money; when it is too green it ſets one's Teeth on edge, and when too mellow it has no Flavour at all.

Sir CHARLES.

Hold your Tongue, you Baggage, *(To* Lucy.)—Well, my dear diſcreet Nephew, are you ſatisfied with the Fool's Part you have given me, and play'd yourſelf, in the Farce?

Y. CLACKIT.

What would you have me ſay, Sir? I am too much a Philoſopher to fret myſelf, becauſe the Wind, which was Eaſt this Morning, is now Weſt. —The poor Girl in pique has kill'd herſelf, to be reveng'd on me; but hark'ye, Sir, I believe *Heartly* will be curſed mad to have me live in his Neighbourhood.—A Word to the Wiſe.——

Sir CHARLES.

Thou haſt a moſt incorrigible Vanity, *Jack*, and nothing can cure thee.—Mr. *Heartly*, I have Senſe enough, and Friendſhip enough, not to be uneaſy at your Happineſs.

HEARTLY.

I hope, Sir *Charles*, that we ſhall ſtill continue to live as Neighbours and Friends. For you, my *Harriet*, Words cannot expreſs my Wonder or my Joy; my future Conduct muſt tell you what a Senſe I have of my Happineſs, and how much I ſhall endeavour to deſerve it.

For ev'ry Charm that ever yet bleſs'd Youth,
Accept Compliance, Tenderneſs, and Truth;
My friendly Care ſhall change to grateful Love,
And the fond Huſband ſtill the GUARDIAN prove.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 130076